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Collated & Perfect. J.V.K. 1798.

The Puritanical

JUSTICE:

OR, THE

Beggars turn'd Thieves,

By way of

FARCE.

As it was lately Acted in and about the City of *LONDON*.

Upon Sr Humphry Edwin Late Ld Mayor.

First Edition.

LONDON,

Printed and are to be sold by *John Wells*, Bookbinder, in St. *Paul's* Alley. 1698. 14 Nov:

THE PROLOGUE.

Spoke by SNEAK.

THe Law is ours, and every Soul shall stand
Amaz'd, and trembling at severe Command;
Women have rul'd alone, with Power and Sway,
And oft taught proudest Man for to Obey;
We'll try the Copes and Vestments to pull down,
Of each proud Prelate that infects the Town;
We're more precise, Religion's more sincere,
We meet in Halls, and Parlours every where:
No Beggars cry shall be heard in the Streets,
The Godly man our Table too oft greets;
Informers *too shall take up all the Whores,*
To show how chast is Vertue in our Doors.
Our Acts and Deeds in every Mouth shall ring,
Whilst tooting Organs Anthems vainly Sing,
The Church and Poor shall ever feel our Sting.

THE

Persons

Persons concern'd in this Farce.

Terrour. A severe wiggish Justice of Peace, by whose rigid Authority the *Beggars* are forc'd to turn *Thieves* for a Subsistance.

Ignorance his Clark. A Boobily Blockhead, that is forc'd to take Instructions from his Mistress to write a *Mittimus.*

Scourge. The Beadle.

Informers. Beggars, Thieves, &c.

Sneak. Wife to Terrour. A Griping, Covetous, Puritanical, Conceited, Proud Woman, who pretends to govern the Justice both by her Instructions and Example.

Cant her Woman. A Saint of the same Tribe, as impertinent as her Mistress.

Informer Jenk. Picking up Citizens Wives instead of Whores, and forc'd before a Justice of Peace.

Citizens Wives, Whores, Beggars, Constables, and *Bridewel-men.*

The

The Puritannical
JUSTICE:
OR, THE
BEGGARS turn'd THIEVES.

ACT the First.

SCENE, *The Justice's House.*

Enter Terrour, Sneak *and* Cant.

Terrour. WEll, Wife, you see I am preferred for my Merit to be a Scourge to the Lazy, a Bridle to the Unruly, a Halter and Brand to Thieves, and a Flogging Director to Whores, Whoremongers, and Adulterers.

Sneak. But good Mr. *Authority*, pray take the prudent Council of your Wife in these weighty Affairs, for you know you had never arose to this all-wise Command, without my assisting Direction.

Ter. Thou indulging Promoter both of my Estate and Power, we'll act Hand in Hand in the Administration of Justice; for I am sufficiently sensible of my own insufficiency, without thy controuling Judicature.

Sneak. In order to which, we will encourage Informers,

mers, punish all Night-walkers, suppress the Beggars, and force the Church Dissenters to our Conventicles.

Terrour. I'll punctually follow thy Direction, and I'l take my Bage of Authority to demolish the Idolitrous Sanctuaries of the Whore of *Babylon*, and force them by vertue of my Power to imitate our unpresidented example.

Sneak. Well, *Cant*, What think you of this Promotion? I think my self now one of the chief of Citizens, and you that wate one me above the middle sort.

Cant. Indeed, forsooth, I look upon self so, for yesterday I took place of my Neighbour *Gripes* Wife, tho' her Husband expects to be Sheriff the next Election.

Terrour. Ay, ay, hold up thy Head, *Cant*; the whole Family shall rise, by hanging upon the Tail of my Honour. — but prithee *Cant* call in *Ignorance* — and lets examine whither he is capable to make a *Mittimus* upon occasion, for I'm altogether ignorant my self.

Sneak. Call him *Cant*, and I'll give him Instructions, for I have the Justice's Clerk, in my Closet, I plac't it between *Culpepper's Midwife* and *Aristotle's Problems*, for the better recollection of my Memory.

Cant. I'll call in the Type of your Authority in your absence, in an instant. [*Exit.*

Terrour. Prithee, Wife, what think you of punishing Offenders on the Lord's day; the People are as loose and extravigant in this Age as they were before that religious Deffender of our Liberties *Oliver Cromwel* restraind them on the Sabbath.

Sneak. Tis an offence to God and Religion — And I protest I think the Parliament was mighty weak, to allow of Milk and Mackrel, to so manifest a prophanation of our reform'd Devotion.

Terrour. In order to which, I'l Issue out my Commands, That no Victualler draw Drink, no Herb-woman sell her Sallets, no Cooks dress Meet, no Bakers bake Pyes, no

People

People carry Bundles upon forfeiture of every ſuch Commodity, with a ſevere Puniſhment additional for the hainous, crying, ſinful Preſumption.

Sneak. Ay, ay, we muſt carry a ſevere Hand over the Mobility, and that will create a Reverence in us in our Religion and Proceedings.

Terrour. Right, Wife! ——

Enter Cant *and* Ignorance.

But here comes *Ignorance* my Repreſentative; we muſt examine the depth of his Wiſdom, about theſe important Affairs.

Sneak. Cant, go and fetch the Juſtice of Peace's Clerk, I put it between the two learned Books, you and I uſe to conſult.

Cant. O dear Madam, I believe you and I are as knowing in Law and Phyſick as all the Phyſitians and Juſtices of Peace's Wifes about Town: And for Religion, you know we uſe to inſtruct the wiſeſt: But I'l do my errant immediately. [*Exit.*

Terrour. Come *Ignorance*, I prefer thee to my right Hand of Juſtice, thou muſt right the commanding *Terrour*, to force both the Lazy and the Wanton to Correction.

Ignorance. Ay, ay, we'll ſpare no *Beggars*, for our *Cant* gave away the reverſion of the Leg of Beef, becauſe it was windy, and ſhe could not eat it, and ſo I went without my Supper laſt Night.

Sneak. I proteſt if ever I know ſhe gives away ſo much as the Rind of Bacon any more, I declare I'll diſcard her my Service, —— Prithe *Ignorance* call the *Beadle*, and well give him poſitive Orders to take all the *Beggars* to Correction. They'r grown ſo numerous, if we don't ſuppreſs 'em they may ruin ſubſtantial Families.

Ignorance. Ay, Madam, I'l obey your Orders; and at my

return, you shall lend me your Book, and I'll Con it over my self.

Terrour. Make what haste you can; for I'm resolved to shew all the *Beggars* in Town the terrible Prosecution of my all-powerful Justice.

Ignorance. I'l shew my Obedience in my Diligence.

[*Exit* Ignorance.

Terrour. Hold! Hold! *Ignorance, Ignorance,* one Word more.

Reenter Ignorance.

Prithee acquant the *Informers* I told you of, and so one trouble will serve both.

Ignorance. Your Commands shall be obey'd Obsequiously. [*Exit.*

Enter Cant, *with Two Books.*

Cant. Indeed and indeed, Madam! I found the prettiest Book here between the *Believers Golden Chain,* and *Baxters Family Devotion,* as ever I saw in my Life; pray acquaint me with the Name.

Sneak. Why, thou Simpleton, it's a Book of *Aretine's Postures,* a Secreet only amongst the Women. — Get you back, and put it safe in the Place again, upon Forfeiture of my Displeasure.

Cant. I'll place it safe as before, after I have perused it with a pious Intention. [*Exit.*

Enter Ignorance, *with three* Informers, *and the* Beadle.

Ignorance. As luck wou'd have it, I lighted of the *Beadle* just by, and the *Informers* were coming to wait upon your Worship.

Terrour. 'Tis very well, for they may be very instrumental in the Execution of my Commands, in suppressing the Beastly, Lewd, and Lazy of this Town.

1 *Informer Jenk.* Ay, ay, Right Worshipful, we'll decoy the Women to Drink with us, then we'll bring 'em before you to commit 'em to Correction, by virtue of your Authority.

Sneak. Their Impudence I have heard is a Scandal to all sober Women; therefore let their Punishment be without either Mercy or Limitation.

2 *Informer.* They are Notorious Jilts both to Religion and Honesty, and they Glory in nothing but their polluted Whoredoms.

Terrour. I'll be so exemplary in my Justice, that the Town shall be as free from Whores as I am void of Perjury.

3 *Informer.* We'll be your Creatures to entrap 'em, and leave the Requital of our Trouble to your Religious Bounty.

Sneak. You shall prefer 'em, Husband, for their sincerity in the Cause.

Ignorance. And me too, I hope, for my Zeal to the Holy Brethren.

Terrour. I have no other way to Establish my own Repute, but by making my self Fear'd by the Severity of my Justice, and by preferring the Tools which execute my Commands.

1 *Informer Jenk.* We'll venture Lives and Reputations to serve so Zealous a Commonwealths-man.

2 *Informer.* The good Old Cause never prosper'd, till manag'd and carry'd on with Vigorous Persecution.

3 *Informer.* We'll be as politick to suppress Vice, as they are diligent to promote it.

Terrour. Let your last Instructions be, That you spare none, that we may give Example to the Church, of the difference of our Severity and their Liberty.

Informers. We'll all Religiously and Industriously obey your Orders. [*Exeunt.*

Sneak. I fear, Love, the multiplicity of our Affairs has hinder'd the fervency of our Devotion: let's haste to Lecture lest we are censur'd amongst the Brethren.

Terrour. I'll attend to dispatch the Lord's Occasions, after we have so prosperously prefer'd our own. Only, Wife, pray first give charge to the Beadle.

Sneak. Pray, Mr. Beadle, execute your Office so strictly under our Authority, that no *Beggar* be seen in our Precincts, upon forfeiture both of Disgrace and Place.

Beadle. I'll be so diligent, that for all your Number of *Informers*, I'll ingage there shall be Five hundred *Whores* for one *Beggar* through my walks in the City.

Terrour. We design to extirpate both; therefore post to their Correction, and do you *Ignorance* wait on us to Devotion. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE *Knock-Vargen.*

An uninhabited House for some time at the upper end of Rose-mary-lane, *but now the Receptacle and Rendevous of Poor* Thieves *and* Beggars.

Enter several Poor Thieves *with their Booties, lately* Beggars.

1 *Thief.* 'Tis beter to be Hang'd than Starv'd; these will afford us some recruits for the Belly.

2 *Thief.* Right, Brother; tho we get good Sustenance without danger before this whipping Monster frighted us from our Livelihoods.

3 *Thief.* Did you hear the Story of the Merchant that sent his Basket of Scraps to the Justice in a Joke, because there

there was none of our Fraternity found to diſpoſe of them too.

4 *Thief.* Yes; and the Trick he put upon himſelf too, in ſending his own Veniſon-Paſty to the Priſoners, thinking it had been his Neighbours.

1 *Thief.* I believe the Gray-Mare is the better Horſe there; for ſhe's a Sneaking, Puritanical, Pinch-fart I'm ſure.

2 *Thief.* Ay, ay, Juſtice is rare Juſtice indeed, that's Judg'd, Condemn'd and Hang'd, by the brittle Hem of a fooliſh Womans Smock only.

3 *Thief.* Why you fooliſh Booby, if one Hair be ſtronger than a Cable, a great many may eaſily draw Juſtice to Tyrany, and Liberty to Uſurpation.

4 *Thief.* 'Tis certain that the Trinkets that the Fools in Caps carried before, for us behind to laught at, was drawn from Church to Conventicle, with three or four of theſe Commanders of Juſtice twiſted together.

Enter ſeveral Beggars *to them, as from the Houſe of Correction.*

1 *Beggar.* Pox take Juſtice, if this is it, we are not only half Starv'd, but almoſt Whipt to Death.

1 *Thief.* Faith Brother, 'twas our caſe laſt Week; but we have now chang'd our Calling, and will treat with a good Supper and ſtrong Booze, if you'll enter into our Society.

2 *Beggar.* A fair Propoſal; 'tis better to embrace a ſhort Life and a merry, than ſuffer the Miſeries of this Barbarous Juſtice.

2 *Thief.* Come, Brothers, if your all agree'd, we'll enjoy our ſelves, and be merry, ſcorn Arbitrary Power, and ſet up for our ſelves.

3 *Beggar.* Agreed! and may Damnation ſeiſe the firſt that Wheedles.

3 *Thief.* *Ned*, whiſtle for Refreſhment

Ned

Ned *whistles, and Drink and Victuals is brought from the adjoyning Alehouse.*

1 *Thief.* Come, Brother! here's Distruction to the Hangman and Justice.

1 *Beggar.* If we are nooz'd, let the Sin fall upon his Puritanical Congregation.

2 *Beggar.* Damn him, and all his Executioners; let's Drink and divert these dismal Thoughts with a Song.

Omnes. Agreed: but first let the Pot go round.

They Sing.

From Beggars *alarm'd,*
Now Thieves *we'll be Arm'd,*
And act all the Mischief
We can, Sir;
If we're hang'd from a Cart,
We'll each let a Fart,
For the Justice that caus'd this
Sad end, Sir.
And to his sweet Lady
That's Brief-ridden, Heir-day,
Yet rides the dun Beast at her Pleasure,
Our Members bequeath,
In her Scabbard to sheath,
To incite her Devotion at leisure.

1 *Thief.* Nod, whistle for Refreshment

1 *Thief.* Well, for all this, Wolf preaches Religion and holy living to the Sheep; I have heard he has been recorded for Purjury.

1 *Beggar.* I heard a Gentleman declare once, that Men of the most corrupt and vicious Lives, once plac'd in Power, are tyrannical by Nature.

2 *Beggar.* A plain Case, by this Beggar-hunter; for he forces us to turn Thieves, contrary to our Destiny, beyond the malice of Fortune.

2 *Beggar.* He makes Converts, with a Pox to him; for he forces us to confess to his Ghostly Father *Tyburn.*

3 *Thief.* 'Tis hop'd the penurious Caitiff will starve himself to Death, and then we may return to our old Professions, for his Wife does grutch each bit he Eats.

3 *Beggar.* He was Born under *Scorpio*, as I heard an Astrologer affirm, and his Lady was of the Race of *Proserpine*; both sent here as Plagues to Mankind, to send poor Souls to Hell to make Attonement for their own Villanies.

4 *Thief.* Come, this is melancholy Entertainment: It's time enough to think of Hanging at St. *Giles's* —— We'll have another Song to divert the Thoughts of his Cruelty, and our own Misfortunes.

The Song.

GHear up, cheer up,
And let the Beadles *scour* (*Day:*
The Streets with his Rods, and his Staff Night and
We'll play least in Sight,
And be out of Power,
We steal that by Night,
That we Revel with next Day.

Then Confusion shall be drunk
To the Justice and his Punk,
To the Constables *and* Beadles,
And Informers *with their Wheedles,*
To all Bridewel Dogs and Goalers,
And Hell-born Beggar *Railers.*
Thus, thus, we'll merry be,
Till either they, or we,
Swing to Heaven in a String,
With Hei ding, ding,
Thank the Justice.

Enter several other Beggars, *some Lame, some Blind, some Leperous, and others afflicted with the King's-Evil, and all from* Bridewel.

1 *Thief.* I find ours will become a very numerous Society, but most of those are uncapable of Business.

1 *Cripple.* I understand the sneaking Budge incomparably, therefore I beg my admission.

2 *Thief.* This Fellow may be useful upon several Occasions, therefore we will elect him to strengthen the Society.

3 *Thief.* I fear this Blind-man, is altogether unqualified.

Blind Beggar. I can file a Cloy in a Croud, and come off unsuspected.

4 *Thief.* Upon my Word he's an Artist; I have observ'd him lately dext'rous in that Vocation: But what are these *Leperous* and *Ulcerous* Fellows fit for? We must have none useless by reason of our Wifes and Children.

Leperous and Ulcerous. We can steal *Mops, Brooms, Cloaths* off of Lines; for we must play at small Games rather than stand out; and by reason of our Sickness, we are not suspected.

1 *Thief.* Very well, you shall be admitted; and we'll Teach our Wives and Children the profitable Art of our Adventures.

Enter

Enter several Constables, Beadles, Watchmen, *and other Followers, with one of the* Thieves *turn'd* Informer.

Infor. Thief. This is the Place of Rendevouz, Mr. *Constables*, are these the Criminals.

1 *Constable.* Well, we'll take 'em before Justice *Terror*, he'll inflict Punishment as they deserve.

1 *Thief.* Good, Mr. *Constables*, hang us up before we go any farther, for before him we can expect no Mercy.

2 *Constable.* Well, *Informer*, you'll swear both to the Men, and their Crimes, will you not?

Infor. Thief. Ay marry will I, and fear's another of the Fraternity will squeak as well as my self.

1 *Constable.* Come, come, bring 'em away to Justice, in order to Commit 'em, as their Thefts deserve.

Several of the last admitted Thieves.

Good, Mr. *Constables*, spare us. Good, Mr. *Constables*, speak for us to the Justice.

1 *Thief.* Damn you, for cowardly Sons of Whores, I expect favour from neither *Constables* nor Justice.

2 *Thief.* I expect nothing but the Extremity of the Law, and that I'll thank the Justice for.

Constable. Blast their Lungs, they arraign the Justice; bring 'em away, bring 'em away for Correction.

Exeunt Omnes.

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE *Bridwell.*

Where is discover'd several of the Poor Beggars Thieves *at hard Labour, with some of the Bridwel-men standing by to Whip them to Work.*

1 *Beg. Thief.* 'Tis a cruel Age we live in, that we can neither be permitted to *Beg* nor *Steal*, but must be thus torn with Whips, and forc'd to work beyond our Strength.

2 *Beg. Thief.* Our Case is not quite so hard, as our Brothers who are committed to *Newgate*, the knubbing Post I fear will be their Fortune.

Bridwel-man. Come, lazy Curs you, mind your Work, this is not time for Censuring.

3 *Beg. Thief.* Faith and Troth, I think we had as good be hang'd with our Brethren, as undergo the cruelty of these Mercilels Lictors.

2 *Bridwel-man.* You black Guard Villains, I'll maul you for your Reflections; therefore mind your Work, or we'll whip you to pieces.

4 *Beg. Thief.* My running Sores make me so weak, I cannot endure the Labour.

1 *Bridewel-men.* Then you shall go to the whipping Post, and try how you'll behave your self there.

1 *Beg. Thief.* 'Tis barbarous to expect as much work from us that are Sick, and Weak, and Lame, as from others who are Strong and Lusty.

2 *Beg. Thief.* I am so sore with Whipping, so disabled in my Limbs, and so crazy in my Body, that I fear I shall Dye under this Labour and Correction.

2 *Brid-*

2 *Bridewel-man.* Hang Cur, hang, these are Quibbles and Evasions; we'll ferk you for your whining Cant, I warrant you.

3 *Beg. Thief.* If this be Justice, then there's no oppression in Cruelty and Tyranny, and Sacrifice is preferr'd to Clemency and Mercy.

4 *Beg. Thief.* We had better be Slaves in *Turkey* than under this Puritanical Barbarity; or be our own Executioners, rather than undergo such unspeakable Cruelty.

1 *Bridewel-man.* Ye murmuring pernicious Dogs, we'll make you both pray for his Mercy, and applaud his Justice, before we have done with you.

1 *Beg. Thief.* We'll be torn Limb from Limb, sooner than crave Mercy at the Hands of our Tormentor.

2 *Beg. Thief.* Prayers are turn'd to Curses against those that have neither Charity nor Compassion.

2 *Bridewel-man.* The Justice is only too merciful; ye deserve hanging, every one of ye, ye Sons of *Rapine.*

3 *Beg. Thief.* We hope to see our Betters go before us; tyrannical Oppressors, and their Executioners, have been exalted for their Offences, as I am told.

4 *Beg. Thief.* Had he any Sense, he'd have some moderation in But Punishments: his his are so cruelly Exemplary, they are unprecedented.

1 *and* 2 *Bridewel-men.* Since ye spurn at Authority, we'll take ye to more severe Correction.

Exeunt Bridewel-men and *Thief-beggars.*

The SCENE *Continues*

Enter Informer, *with several* Whores, *and the Bridewel-men.*

1 *Informer.* Justice *Terrour*, and his Lady, has order'd these Dox's of Pleasure to hard Labour and Correction.

1 *Bridewel-men.* They shall have the Severity of their Worships Orders; for we rather exceed at all times than moderate the Punishment of Justice.

2 *Informer.* His Worſhip thinks you fit Inſtruments to execute the Rigour of his Authourity.

1 *Whore.* And thinks ſuch Cock-bawd Pimps as you, fit Tools to execute his ridiculous Folly.

1 *Infor.* Prethee, Miſs, ben't Impertinent; he deſigns as great a Reformation as *Luther* made upon *Rome*, or *Calvin* upon *Luther*, upon all the *Whors*, *Bawds*, *Thieves*, and *Beggars*, in and about this famous City of *London*.

2 *Whore.* It's as impoſſible to do't as to turn the Tide of the *Thames*: Prethee carry him ſome of my Water, or elſe get him ſome Cows-piſs, for he muſt needs be craz'd in the Brain; for they ſay, that old Womans Remedy ſo much in Vogue, or mine in requeſt by *Informers*, cures all Diſtempers.

3 *Whore.* Why, thou fooliſh Girl thou, he's too much infected with the Urine of his Wife, to drink any of thine, we'll beſtow ours upon theſe worthy *Informers*.

3 *Infor.* Since one Kindneſs deſerves another, you ſhall be Flog'd till you Piſs, and the heat rais'd thereby, will oblige your thirſt to drink your own Water to quench it.

1 *Whore.* Such a curſed Race of Sycophants, as you are, were never born of a Woman; but certainly were produc'd from ſome *Incubus*, and the Devil himſelf, in height of his Luxurious wantonneſs.

2 *Whore.* The Curſed Seed of *Cham* were Angels, in reſpect to theſe Monſters; and the Serpent that tempted *Eve*, was a type of this Hell-born Race to futurity.

1 *Informer.* You may ſee the frailty of your Laſcivious Tempers, and ſo we leave you to Correction.

Exeunt Informers.

1, 2, 3 *Whores.* May all the Curſes our Sex is capable to invent befall theſe Villains, and their Inſtructors.

Enter

Enter other Informers, *with two Citizens Wives, of unspotted Reputation.*

1 *Citizens Wife.* Why, you raviſhing Villains, can't ſober Women go about their lawful Occaſions, but they muſt be forc'd before a Blockhead of a Juſtice, and committed to *Bridewel*, for the Lewd and the Infamous.

1 *Informer.* The greateſt *Whores* pretend to moſt honeſty; Did not we pick you up fairly in the Streets?

2 *Citizens Wife.* No, Blood-hounds, you were in purſuit of others; and miſſing your Game, forc'd us here in hopes to gain your Villanious Reward.

2 Tho' you'r none of the Impudent common Sort, we can prove you Night-walkers, and were ſpreading your Nets to catch Woodcocks for Chamber-practice.

1 *Citizens Wife.* Our Husbands are Men both of Reputation and Subſtance; and they ſhall make you a ſcandalous Example, for this injury and affront.

1 *Informer.* The Fox, when curs'd, enjoys the Satisfaction of his Booty, tho' after Correction, we ſhall find you in a more doleful, ſupplicating Tone, to be Interceſſors for your Deliverance.

2 *Cit. Wife.* We'll implore Heaven to revenge the Indignity, and petition Juſtice from above, (ſince we meet with none below) that our Innocence may be clear'd.

2 *Informer.* The mortification of Whipping will bring you to Repentance, and ſo we leave you.

Exunt Informers.

1 *Citizens Wife.* The City's finely govern'd, by ſuch Helliſh Reformers; for inſtead of reclaiming the Vitious, they oppreſs and injure the Vertuous, to the utter defamation of Authority, by corrupting the intention of well-meaning Laws.

2 *Citizens Wife.* When Knaves and Villains, by indirect means, acquire great Heaps of Wealth, they are ſoon mounted in Authority, the depravity of whoſe Natures, and the exorbitancy of their corrupt and imperious Deſires,

fires, spurs them on to act Violence and Rapin; till they verify and make true that observation of the Law, which I heard, came from a great Man, That Law is like a Cob-web, where the great Flys break through, whilst the little ones are catch'd. —— But I question not but our Husbands will revenge our Sufferings.

Enter the Bridewel-men.

1 *Bridewel-man.* You must retire to Correction, according to order with some of your Sister Sinners.

1 *Citizens Wife.* We must submit to this insufferable Violence, whilst our Innocence will bear testimony of the inhumanity of this Injustice.

2 *Citizens Wife.* That Women of unspotted Reputations should be ravish'd to punishment, without the least opportunity of defence or redress.

2 *Bridewel-man.* No more Preambles —— to Correction, with your Fellows.

SCENE *Changes to* Terrours *House.*

Enter Terrour, Sneak, Cant, *and* Ignorance.

Terrour. Well, *Ignorance*, have you made any *Mittimus*'s since I went out? *Cant* tells me the *Informers* have been here with some Offenders.

Ignorance. Yes, Sir, since you plac'd me on your right hand of Justice, I have sent several *Whores* to *Bridewel*, and set my own Name, for yours, to their *Mittimus*.

Sneak. 'Tis the same thing, Husband, I was witness to the Proceedings, and examind the matter my self; and the Case was plain both upon Enquiry and Information. So that you see, Husband, things are as well manag'd in your Absence as Presence.

Terrour.

Terrour. Ay, ay, Wife, I was always extreamly satisfy'd in the sincerity of your Wisdom, and Ignorance is of equal knowledge with my self.

Cant Indeed your Justice has no equal, to punish such impudent Harlots; for tho' I wou'd shake off my Modesty, did not Damnation depend thereon, I'm sure I cou'd not appear so brazen as these wicked, very wicked Creatures.

Sneak. Well, Husband, for fear Nature should be frail in *Cant*, let her couple with *Ignorance*, and then she'll have no occasion to go astray.

Terrour. With all my Heart! What say you both, are you agreed,

Ignorance. I shou'd be very willing to espouse the Election of my honoured Benefactors.

Cant. I'll not turn Tail upon so good a Motion: But when shall we be Married.

Sneak. Next *Sunday* Morning at the Conventicle: Mr. *Formal Trifle* is as good a Couple-maker, as the *D*——*k*'s *Place* Hackney.

Terrour. And we'll have an Ox-cheek bak'd extraordinary for the Wedding Dinner, at our Cost and Charges.

Ignorance. When I was a School-boy I made some Verses about Matrimony, which my Master Corrected; I'll repeat 'em upon this Occasion.

If a Man wants a Clog
To lie like a Log
When he's asleep,
And dull without Motion:
He must marry a Maid,
That ne'er knew the Trade,
And has neither
Wit, Beauty, or Portion.

Such

Such, such, will be rul'd,
Tho' the Husband is fool'd,
For she'd better be
Lazy than Wanton.

For the Ass, with dull Pace,
VVill finish his Race,
Tho' more slow than the
Racer they prance on.

THE EPILOGUE,

Spoke by the *Beadle.*

THE Farce is done; and Ladies I invite,
To freedoms Hall to Banquet every Night:
The Beggars *too shall all received be,*
As welcome Guess, invited all by me,
Informers *all shall be kic'd out of Doors,*
For Rogues are only fit Trapans for Whores.
The Model of our Measures now are chang'd,
Freedom we'll grant, where e're before it rang'd;
Yet Lewdness still we vow for to suppress,
Tho' rigour force the desperate in distress
To villanous Acts, in hopes to find redress:
Experience teaches all our Information,
Upon whose Shoulders Sence brings Reformation,
The frequent Safety of this injur'd Nation.

FINIS.

Read - Wed^y. April 24th. 1793.